

THE FREE HOMESTEAD.

E. A. HOTCHKISS, EDITOR.

Special notice to readers: This paper is published for the purpose of giving information to the public regarding the Free Homestead Act, and the various laws and regulations pertaining thereto. It is published free of charge, and is intended to be a valuable source of information to all who are interested in the subject.

Advertisements are accepted on the following terms: One column, one year, \$1.00. Other advertisements on application.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Mankato.

N. FINCH, LUMBER MERCHANT, ONE DOOR BELOW SHADDOX,

FRISBIE & SHEPARD—CITY DRUG STORE,

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D. WEINER, WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, HAS

C. W. MURPHY & CO.,

BOOKS & STATIONERY,

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L. G. BAROTT, PROPRIETOR.

FURNITURE

of every variety.

Gilt Mouldings Kept on Hand

WARD ROOMS CORNER OF HICKORY & SECOND

McMabill & Beebe,

Dealers in

PINE AND HARD WOOD

LUMBER.

Dimensions, Siding, Flooring, Lath,

and Shingles.

SPECIALTY.

We make a specialty of SASH, DOORS, AND MOULDINGS.

Office on Van Brunt's Addition, South end of Front

Street.

Blue Earth City

LAST HOMES FOR FARM HOMES AND IN THE

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TOWN AND COUNTY.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

Rod and Mould-Board

Breaking Plows

Crossing Plows,

CORN PLOWS,

HARROWS

LUMBER WAGONS

BUGGIES,

SLEIGHS,

ALL KINDS OF JOBBING DONE

BY FIRST CLASS WORKMEN.

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150 Anatomical and Pathological plates; 13 mo. cl. with Recipes and Certificates of his unprecedent and authentic cures of *Scurvy, Rheumat, Nephritis, An*

THE FREE HOMESTEAD.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1899.

Voting the Bonds.

Blue Earth City has voted \$40,000 in bonds for a Rail Road from Mankato to Crystal Lake with certain provisions as to commencing and finishing the same. The bonds to be delivered when the road is completed. People who think that Rail Roads will force themselves into these sparsely settled, new countries, without aid, are much mistaken. To develop our resources we need Rail Roads, and it is the true policy to reciprocate a small portion of the present positive benefit. What a rich country this must be when North and South, and East and West roads are daily bringing what we want and carrying away what we can spare, and let us stop at home and put together.

This is to talk about the gift of money, as loss or sacrifice. There can be no sacrifice, there in these contracts we are partners. To this, question whichever way we may, and to us the bargain is a good one. We hurry (with our money in promises, when we shall be wealthy and populous) an advantage that we could not receive in ten years were we to make no sacrifice. The country is too full of good chances for investments in railroads for capital to come uninvited.

Southern Minnesota Railroad.

The S. M. R. R. has built and equipped forty miles of road the past year, notwithstanding the winter and the loss of two sets of ties. Twenty miles of this road have been laid and balanced since cold weather set in. It was the general opinion that they would be obliged to stop at Albert Lea, or Allen, for the winter. Will and determination have been characteristic of the S. M. R. R. It is expected that it will be pushed on to our place early next summer—probably celebrating the 4th of July by running over the entire road from Austin.

T. Bonds are voted on the North and South roads as liberally as possible. The S. M. R. R. has not yet got the S. M. R. R. Thinkers are shagging off its going away of up north into the Kandiyohi county, and eventually chase up the Pacific Rail Road of De North. Wonderful sagacious that! How careful they are of us! Did the Post ever think that there was room for a third Pacific Rail Road with a route due west to the Missouri river, and that there was no finer country on the continent for such a road to pass through? With all the Car Houses, Machine Shops, &c., &c., at Winnebago City, in the center of Blue Earth Valley, and very near the center of the United States, when British America is annexed.

Proposed Reforms.

Governor Austin recommends the criminal code be amended, so that justice may be reached without running so many risks with the intricacies of the law. No man knows better than Judge Austin, how easy it is for an offender to slip his head out of his noose, through some simple defects in the proceedings and papers. His recommendation that the County Treasurer's office should be only for one term, or that they should be ineligible a second time may be the way to correct the evil spoken of, but it seems better to continue a really good and faithful man, when we have one, than to be annually running risks of mistakes.

It seems that some law preventing the use of the county money, and making everything more public and positive, so that every man in the county might know just what the Treasurer knows—just how much money he has, and how and when where he got it, might be sufficient. The trouble now is that settlements are too near a fire. They are never finished, and no general public history is published. Each Town should know quarterly, and each county also, just their balances.

Governor Marshall's Message.

By Governor Marshall's Message we find that there was a balance in the Treasury, Dec. 31, 1898, of \$74,234.12, and that the receipts for the year 1898, were \$23,892.00, and the disbursements for the same year \$50,527.07.

Balance in Treasury Dec. 31, 1898 \$74,234.12
Receipts for year 1898 \$23,892.00
Disbursements for the same year \$50,527.07
Balance in Treasury Dec. 31, 1898 \$47,599.05

It seems from policy to carry a Treasury with security to ninety thousand dollars, while we are paying \$20,000 interest. The tax on Railroads is \$23,892, and on Insurance companies, \$13,005. With the few miles of railroads, and the light business of a new country, \$20,000 is an item.

There are 750 miles of railroad in the State, 224 miles of which were constructed in 1898; and in construction and miles finished, the S. M. R. R. ranks with the first roads in the State. There were 551,602 acres of Government land sold during 1898, two fifths of which were taken as Homesteads. 261,162 acres were pre-empted, and 197,065 acres were taken for cash or Land Warrants.

About 40,000 acres of school lands have been sold during the past year for \$238,304, averaging about six dollars per acre, and makes the school fund amount to \$2,371,199. The amount of school money paid to the several counties, amounts to about \$150,000, or one dollar and fifteen cents per scholar.

The people are to blame.

It is a lamentable fact that officers and officers are increasing all over the land, and sucking up the increase of the people in every possible form. Silently and quietly we are becoming used to hear the burden, and looking for remedy. The habit of allowing these officers to become our dictators, is just as patent as in any Monarchy in Europe, and the officer feels that he has a right to take all the advantages in his power to enrich himself, and that no one has a right to complain. There is too much centralization in power. We are having too many officers whose appointments come from persons who have climbed to dignity through purchase and contracts, and who feel only responsible to agents who have done their bidding. There is no good reason why our revenue officers should not be elected by the people, and also the Register and Receiver of the Land Office. The Land Office itself should be located by those who use it, for their own benefit, and not as now carried at the bidding of some purchased official, to the great inconvenience of those who use it. The people are learning to believe and know that their interests are of secondary importance, and are learning to acquiesce, and bear the burden, and pay the cost. Just see how quietly and unobtrusively a man may come fifty miles to perform five minutes labor with the Land Office, and it is told he is five minutes too late for that day. No matter how poor he is, how poorly he can afford to pay bills, or how his family is left at home, he must wait twenty or thirty hours to give dignity to his superior, or perhaps if he is able, as X. will arrange the importance of the dignitary.

It makes no difference what we call our country, be it Monarchy or Republic, it is all the same if the people are treated the same. If of feudal rule, and people submit, it is a Monarchy. If they grow rich upon it, given gains, and there is no remedy, it is a Monarchy. Anarchy, as we see, is the evil referred to as being under the control of the people.

The Rural New Yorker.

This paper, which has become familiar to more than 75,000 homes, is one of the most striking examples of desecrated success presented by the newspaper fraternity in this country. We knew the managing editor who was sending out his little monthly ten-cent Farmer, twenty years or more ago. Even then his industry and perseverance made the Farmer popular, but it soon proved too small for his expanding powers, and he should supply the place in the country of half a dozen papers, each devoted to a single object: in short, Mr. Moore sought to make a genuine family paper, embracing all the various departments of Agriculture, General News, and all useful information for the increasing and improving rural population. To this work he devoted himself with zeal and energy. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and Mr. Moore took that tide exactly at the flood, and, by judicious management, has reached a point which may well satisfy his ambition for the Rural is the most elegantly printed, ably edited, widely circulated and heartily welcomed paper, as a whole, which now finds its way among the people. The Rural is now a large royal quarto of 16 pages, published weekly, making in a year an immense look of valuable reading, such as books would cost \$1.50, and all this is furnished to single subscribers for \$3 a year. In clubs of ten, \$25 per year, and one for the person getting the club. Address: D. D. T. Moore, 11 Park Row, New York City. —Willamson (Pa.) Bulletin.

Across the Atlantic in Five Days.

The New York Commercial Advertiser makes the somewhat startling announcement that an American company are building in the Clyde yards, under the direction of an American engineer, and at any office, a line of vessels constructed on a novel plan, which will cross the Atlantic in five to seven days—seven days, according to the latter time. It is added: "While we are not at liberty to describe the details, we say that they are such as to satisfy us of the feasibility of the project." The vessel is to be a steamship, and will be a small one, and will have the capacity and elegance of a liner. The vessel is to be built in the Clyde yards, and will be a small one, and will have the capacity and elegance of a liner. The vessel is to be built in the Clyde yards, and will be a small one, and will have the capacity and elegance of a liner.

Patroling.

The Blue Earth City Post is fearful we shall not get the S. M. R. R. Thinkers are shagging off its going away of up north into the Kandiyohi county, and eventually chase up the Pacific Rail Road of De North. Wonderful sagacious that! How careful they are of us! Did the Post ever think that there was room for a third Pacific Rail Road with a route due west to the Missouri river, and that there was no finer country on the continent for such a road to pass through? With all the Car Houses, Machine Shops, &c., &c., at Winnebago City, in the center of Blue Earth Valley, and very near the center of the United States, when British America is annexed.

Billiards.

The great champion billiard match between Deery and Dion took place at St. Francis, last Saturday night. Little odds were offered though Dion appeared to be the favorite. Dion won the lead, and at 11 o'clock and 21 minutes Dion had 502 and Deery 566. The highest runs were: Dion 108; Deery 57. Deery won the game 1,500 to 1,486.

A canvass of the United States Senate shows that three-fourths of the men in it are engaged, arduously or through their friends, in some form of business, the profits of which are directly increased by the imposition of high duties on foreign articles which come into competition with them. We do not doubt the correctness of the statement.—Chicago Post.

The official canvass of the vote for Judge in this judicial district is, for
F. H. Waite, 5,357 votes
A. C. Dunn, 2,774 "

State News.

Parties are sinking a shaft for coal near Chatfield.
A farmer came in recently, bringing to market 40 bushels of wheat, 2,400 pounds—each process of his land, \$20. His neighbor followed him with a load of pork—same weight—where, valued for his freight, low as the market rate, \$215.—Federal Union.

In Wright county there lives a young mother, who at the age of eleven years and eight months gave birth to a fine, healthy child, and at last accounts both were doing well. The husband of this smart young mother is only nineteen months of age. She is undoubtedly the youngest mother in the State of Minnesota.

A lady on Maine Prairie is a practical advocate of woman's rights. Her husband, having expended his means in buying a wild farm, and being sick, she cut the brush from eight acres and dug out the grubs, broke and fenced it; put in two acres of corn and potatoes, and had her vegetables and also one hundred bushels of turnips and 100 bushels of wheat. She also during the summer dug a cellar for the house, and did her housework in a neat manner.

News Items.

Wyoming has 700 women voters.
Flour is selling at \$4.2 a barrel in Arizona.
The velociped mania is dying out very rapidly.
An English woman has killed £10,000 to Jeff Davis.
Only eight counties in Mississippi went Democratic.

Peanuts are said to be a sure cure for the liver complaint.
Gov. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, favors compulsory education.
Columbus, Ky., has 3,000 inhabitants and no school house.

The Chicagoans call their one-horse street cars "Bo-Bob-bobs."
They now have perforated leather underclothing. What next?
The proposed canal across Cape Cod will cost about \$10,000,000.

Nearly a million acres of public lands have been taken up in Dakota this year.
The South Carolina Legislature have passed a bill to pay the interest on the State debt in coin.
George Peabody is said to have bequeathed to Mrs. John Wood, the actress, the sum of £10,000.

The Patent Office has balanced its books for 1898 and finds, as compared with 1897, the receipts were \$46,000 greater and expenditures \$132,000 less.
Hereafter the public debt statement will be printed in French and German as well as in English.
When the Empress Eugenie first heard of France's financial condition, she is said to have exclaimed, "What a pity! The handsome man!"

John C. Breckinridge has been appointed attorney of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad for Kentucky.
It has been estimated that the first year's earnings of the Union Pacific railroad will amount to \$5,000,000.
A Spanish bride in Port Hope, Canada, married the groomsmen because the bridegroom was too drunk to stand up.

It is authoritatively stated that the loss of life by hemorrhage is greater than by railroad and steamboat accidents combined.
Rev. George Pearce is the oldest Missionary in India. He has labored there, for the English Baptists, for forty-three years.
A single manufacturer of Chloroform in Edinburgh makes \$300 a day, or between 2,000 and 3,000 a day of some every year.

A German astronomer says that we are soon to see a satellite moon, and that it is to be the earth's own present satellite.
A new shell fish, more delicious than the oyster, has been discovered by the French. It is called the "petite," and is said to be in form and as delicious as the "petite."

Two negroes refused seats in the dress circle of the Academy of Music, at Christienburg, S. C., on Friday, whereupon they had the manager of the opera house arrested on a charge of "locking the niggers out of the opera house."

First gave bail for his appearance at the next term of the court.

The simplest postoffice in the world is to be found in the Straits of Magellan. It consists of a barrel suspended by a chain attached to a rock opposite Terre del Fuego. Every ship that passes makes it a point to open it and deliver the contents as its destination will allow.

The number of miles of railroads constructed in this country during the year which has just closed, is equal to all that existed up to 1849, and exceeds the total construction of any two former years. At \$40,000 a mile, the cost was in the neighborhood of \$300,000,000.

The British Post Office Department made \$23,000,000 net profit last year, while our railroads made \$5,000,000. No franking in England.

IN PROBATE COURT—FARIBAUT COUNTY, MINNESOTA.
In the matter of the guardianship of CARLY MAY GLEASON, MARY A. GLEASON and CHARLES E. GLEASON, minors and heirs at law of Parker F. and Ellen M. Gleason, both deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of James Samuels, guardian of said minors, praying for license to sell the real estate of said minors, and for the appointment of a receiver of the proceeds of said sale, the court doth hereby order that said license be granted, and that said receiver be appointed, subject to the approval of the court.

IN PROBATE COURT—FARIBAUT COUNTY, MINNESOTA.
In the matter of the guardianship of the minor heirs of James C. Weil and John W. Weil, both deceased.
On reading and filing the petition of J. A. Laimier, guardian of said minors, for license to sell certain real estate of said minors, for the maintenance and education of said minors, and for the appointment of a receiver of the proceeds of said sale, the court doth hereby order that said license be granted, and that said receiver be appointed, subject to the approval of the court.

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J. F. WINSHIP.

JUST ARRIVED.

NEW GOODS!

BOUGHT AT

LIVING PRICES,

AND MUST BE SOLD

CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

A full Assortment of

Dresses, Pajamas,

Delaines, Poplins,

Tycoon Repps,

Alpacas, Merinos, &c.

Together with a full line of

Gingham, Prints,

Ticking, Sheetings,

Flannels,

Woolens, Jeans,

Sauvettes, Castimores,

Also a Large Supply of

GLASSWARE, CROCKERY,

WOODENWARE, STONEWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES

READY MADE CLOTHING,

SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,

GROCERIES!

And all other Goods necessary to make up a full and complete assortment for town and country trade.

CALL AND SEE.

Winnebago City, Sept. 28, 1898.

Winter Goods!

THE

Largest Stock

Ever brought into Faribault county is now in the store of

GEORGE K. MOULTON.

The Latest Style of

Pastry Shawls,

Large-line Double Shawls and Cloaks

HATS, CAPS & CLOTHES,

Cassimere Delaines,

Belgian Delaines,

Rep Delaines,

India Cloth,

EMPERESS CLOTHS

Wool Poplin,

Chinchilla Poplin,

Ruffle Skirts and Boulevard Skirts,

may now be found at this store.

In addition to the above mentioned articles of the present most fashionable patterns, you will always find at the Faribault county

EMPORIUM.

A well selected assortment of

HOOP-SKIRTS,

from the "Odessa Skirt Company," which are unsurpassed by any other Hoop Skirt in use, as regards Durability, Comfort, and Style.

And also a large stock of

GROCERIES, Pork, Hams,

BUTTER,

Lard, Wheat, Corn,

POTATOES,

Onions, Flour, Meal, &c., &c.

ALSO EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

Crockery, Glassware,

Looking-glasses,

Lamps, Lanterns,

Machine and Kerosene

Oil, Sugar Buckets and

Boxes

AND

BOOTS & SHOES,

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E. A. HOTCHKISS, Editor and Proprietor.

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WINNEBAGO CITY, MINN., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 26, 1870.

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

WHOLE NO. 321.

POETRY.

BY AND BY.

BY E. D. HICKS.

Orbits little children's hearts,
When first the world was new,
And the hope-deferring words,
"By and by, dear," by and by.
When will Johnny be a man,
Like papa, so tall and high?
When can he sit up at night,
By and by, dear, by and by.
When will winter go away,
And the sun be shining bright?
When can Nell long dress wear,
By and by, dear, by and by.
By and by, the country seems
And all the world seems new,
And when the young hearts form,
Longing for the rainbow arch,
Of the hand of "By and by."
Older grows, the sunnier face,
The rainbow's path is clear,
Shining out our way, and
We press on to "By and by."
Houses there, and true love crowned,
And all that gold can buy,
Present and future, hope deferred,
We wait for "By and by."
Years roll on—some far, some near—
And death and death are near,
You're all—forward will
To the rest of "By and by."
—Merry's Museum.

PLAYING KITTEN.

Have you seen a kitten play with a ball?
She catches it with her sharp little claws,
Tosses it up, and then lets it fall.
And when it comes down, she jumps at it,
And pounces on it with a spring.
You see, she's a little, cunning thing,
And she knows just what to do.
Just as a maiden plays with her heart,
A moment she holds it in her smile,
Then she lets it go, and it goes away,
And when it comes back, she jumps at it,
And pounces on it with a spring.
That's the way the world is,
And that's the way the heart is,
And that's the way the kitten is.
—Harriet Adcock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NOVEMBER AFTERNOON.

BY REBECCA HARRISON DAVIS.

This wind off the Delaware was keen.
It reddened the noses of the pretty young
girls hurrying by, and it made the
brightened their eyes; their plaid
cloaks and scarlet plumes fluttered, the
red sun glittered on the cheeks of the
called gaily to each other as they passed;
out of every arched window came a
whiff of dinner. The world to Sam
Bender had never seemed more insatiable,
ly good-humored.
"How'd you like this blow, Sam? Smells
wonderful, eh?"
"What's the good news, Sam?"
Bender turned to the man who was
Joe Houston, one of his fellow clerks,
who had clapped him on the back.
"Good news? No good news," turning
gruffly away. Yet he was smiling, and
little fellow would say with him. He felt
terribly alone—as he had never done be-
fore in all his life—things he had reached
such a narrow strait with him to-day.
"Tut, tut, Bender! You're morbid
since you've been sick. You think
you're the first man to be laid up, don't
you? I've lost more than health. I find to-
day Stouck stopped my salary after the
first week."
"Whew! But, after all, what's the money,
boy? Can't you make the 'bossing' of
him lighter on the 'throne'?"
"Golly, yes! But, after all, what's the money,
boy? Can't you make the 'bossing' of
him lighter on the 'throne'?"
"Anyhow, I don't believe Stouck knew
anything about it. It's that cursed old
Morris."
"What does that matter? It's gone. I
have been saving for years to pay off the
mortgage on our house—I'll have to take
the money to clear off the debts of the
last three months, and the mortgage falls
due to-morrow."
"That's bad luck, indeed! Such a
sugly little house, too! How long have
you lived there, Sam?"
"I was born in it. It's the Bender home-
stead. I've been saving ever since I was
married, to pay off that mortgage. But
now—"
"Mary's done her share of saving, too."
Bender was silent a moment. "I have
no fault to find with my wife," he said,
calmly.
"No chance of renewal?"
"None. He is glad of the chance to
foreclose."
"Too bad, too bad!" He was chewing
his sandy mustache. Joe was chewing
fugitively and in motion. "There's Kitty
Stouck coming now. She's a brick of a
girl! Know her? It would be worth a
few white to out in there, hey? If you've
nothing more to say, I'll join her, Sam."
Joe's face grew as red as his hair as the
young lady came near.
"I've nothing more to say."
"Hye, then!" he called, and he was
skipping off to the side of the large, cal-
cined blonde who was absent of them.
The heavy, lustrous silk brushed against
Sam as he brushed by. When Houston
joined her he spoke eagerly, motioning
back to Sam; then they both laughed.
What had induced Bender to make a com-
pany of the man? He cursed his own
folly, looking after him as he went skip-
ping along, light as a grasshopper. Yet
he used to think Joe was soft-hearted as
a woman. But what did it matter to any
man that he stood there ruined to-day,
the patient toll of years swept away in
one blow?—What did the world care?
God?—If there were a God. He looked
for a few minutes steadily over the heads
of the gay, moving crowd into the cloudy
sky.
Only a year ago Sam had been a boy
in a Sunday-school. He tried to teach
them to trust in a living Christ, to trust
in each other; constantly growing strong-
er himself from the teaching. Now—
It was not the loss of money. But
that Mary should have turned from him.
He walked down the street, with his
head on his breast. Then he came slowly
back to the door of Sam's war-room. In
a few minutes he could know the worst,
and he would not stick it.
He did not remember ever to have no-
ticed this place particularly before. It
was a seven-story white marble building
—the war-room above, and the ground
floor occupied as a saloon. The manufac-
ture was exclusively that of gas
fixtures.
The windows, beside one of which he
stood, were filled with costly bronzes; the
lofty ceiling of the room within glittered
with chandeliers and lustres. Two or
three of these great gas-gaws would have
paid for his home, he thought bitterly.
It was strange that, at that moment, when

"Take care! The stairs are dark. Give
me your hand."
A ringing, rich voice, such as would be-
long to a genial, long-voiced Irishman,
softened now to a very tender intonation.
Then there was a quick, light step upon
the stairs. Bender had learned to know it
years ago. They came out together on
the pavement. Mary's dress almost
touched her husband; it was her one good
dress, the brown silk so long kept in
draw, the brown silk so long kept in
draw, the brown silk so long kept in
draw. She had a bit of blue chert
twisted in and out of the collar of her
black hair. It was many a day since she
had taken that trouble to look fair in his
eyes. They spoke together in a low tone.
Crompton urged something which she
faintly resisted. He prevailed at last,
though.
"I will be there at nine, then," raising
his voice.
"At nine if you will," she said gently.
"Will it be safe?"
"Oh, quite safe. He goes to bed early
since his sickness. Poor old Sam!"
"Shall I not go home with you now? I
grow so lame."
"No, no. We may be seen together."
He held her hand in a moment, and
then she was gone. Crompton stood still,
looking after her, and wondering why he
paved and faced him. His face was
so ghastly and menacing that the younger
man drew back, and the air died on his
lips which he was softly humming. The
low sunlight fell on his elegantly dressed
figure as he stood there, on the flushed,
handsome face, with its full, reddish hair
and hair.
Sam halted, and then went on.
"Poor devil, I wonder whether women
or whisky have driven him mad," thought
Crompton, beginning his tune again a
moment after.
Bender went down toward Fourth street,
with slow, resolute steps. His old strength
seemed to have come back to him in the
last half hour. Stouck, at the large board
house he sent in for. Ward, the bank
clerk, they had been old chums in Ben-
der's bachelor days.
"Lead me your revolver, Horace. I'll
be done with it by to-morrow. Mine is
broken and I never bought another."
"Of course. What a splendid fellow!"
appeared in a moment. "What are you
going to shoot, Sam—rats?"
Bender took the pistol and turned
away without a word. To wonder women
like him for a friend. Irish, you know;
gay, handsome, genial. Too attractive to
be trusted with as pretty a woman as
your wife, Bender, if you'll allow me to
say it.
"I will not allow you to say it, Mr.
Morris. You do not know my Mary, and
are not capable of judging her. For my
wife, I am very glad if she has made
a pleasant friend."
"My wife does not know Mr. Crompton,
nor I!"
"Better if you did, then," with a
serious look. "Mrs. Bender does. I
met them sauntering along in the even-
ing together frequently. Crompton is an
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